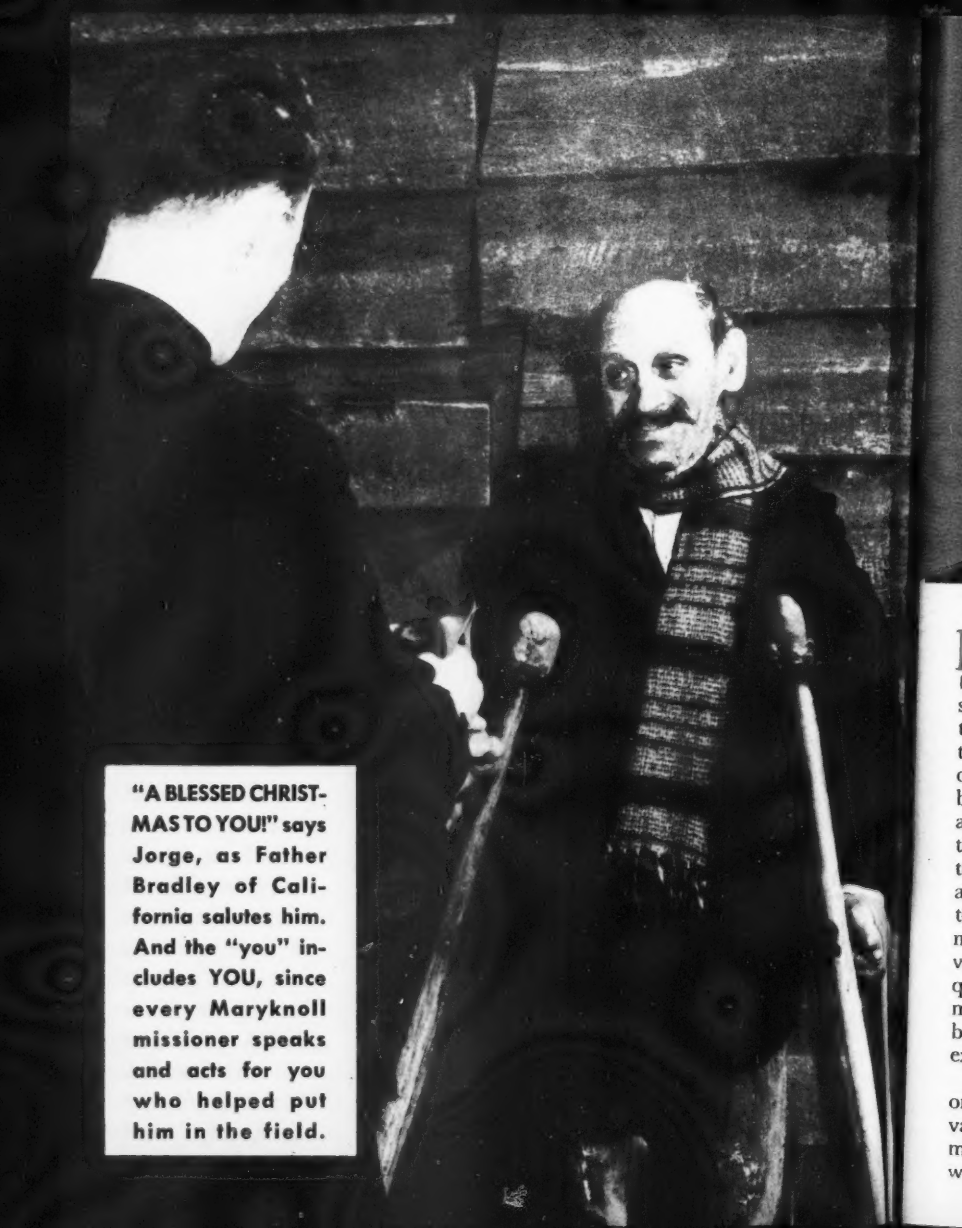


Maryknoll

THE FIDELITY AFAR



ER, 1947



**"A BLESSED CHRIST-
MASTO YOU!"** says
Jorge, as Father
Bradley of Cali-
fornia salutes him.
And the "you" in-
cludes YOU, since
every Maryknoll
missioner speaks
and acts for you
who helped put
him in the field.



One Man Army

Bricks and chickens
obey him

by James E. Walsh

HE ARRIVED IN CHINA in 1921 with an equipment that might have been thought modest. He had youth, sinewy strength, a Maryknoll vocation, a knowledge of the wheelwright trade, a skill with tools, and a sense of humor. Most of these assets he had brought from his native Switzerland a few short years previously. He had tarried in America just long enough to pick up the mission vocation and a knowledge of English. It never took him long to learn anything; he mastered the elements of the new vocation and the new language quickly and well. The South China missions were new and embryonic, but they were getting ready for some expansion and development.

A modest building program was in order, if the mission gains and advances were to be consolidated and made permanent. A practical builder was needed. The young Swiss wheel-

wright had become Brother Albert. He was ready. Off he went.

That was twenty-five years ago. Today the wheelwright is known throughout the South China missions as architect, engineer, contractor, builder, mechanic, carpenter, woodcarver, artist, Chinese linguist, Oriental psychologist, and general trouble shooter par excellence. Any one of these attainments plus the spirit of the mission vocation would suffice to make a missionary. The combination makes a sort of mission army rolled into one man, and it makes that man a very useful person to have around.

Brother Albert made a good start in China — perhaps the best possible start for a missionary — by opening his heart to the Chinese people and keeping his eyes open at the same time. His was not a blind championship of everything his new friends

did; it was rather a discriminating understanding of their good qualities in spite of what they did. In those days the mission work was no rougher and tougher than it is today — perhaps even less so — but it was more difficult to perform because of the inexperience of the missionaries. They were learning — and the Chinese around them were helping them to learn with every trick in the native repertoire.

The Chinese are the best people on earth in all the essentials of natural character, but they are also the world's masters for shrewd wisdom in practical affairs. They are seldom without an axe to grind, although it is not often visible to the naked eye. Their devious, oblique methods of approaching a totally hidden objective reach a height that can only be called art. When the objective turned out to be something innocent and good, Brother Albert was confirmed in his fondness for the people. In cases where the objective was not so good, Brother Albert appreciated the cleverness of the method — as one artist with another. He understood the people and got on well with them from the beginning.

Nobody who ever saw the Loting chapel will need to be convinced either of the beauty of the Oriental style in its own right, or of its suitability for Catholic missions in China.

One of the first mission buildings designed and erected by Brother Albert, this little gem of Chinese architecture remains one of the loveliest of all his many productions. The designing was the easy part of the assignment. The hard part was the supervision of the construction, with

the constant cajoling, browbeating, and mollifying of the native workmen, which it entailed. He already had the vocabulary to wax eloquent on building prob-

lems. Even at this early date he used to read his meditation in Chinese written characters every morning, and his proficiency in the language grew apace. By the time this project was finished, all the workmen were his friends, and he had taught wood carving to several of the carpenters as a specialty to improve their livelihood. Some of the workmen were later converted. In many ways the little Loting chapel was a model building operation.

Calls for the mission builder began to pour in and Brother Albert's life became a rush from one task to another. He was limited only by his inability to be in two places at once. He repaired the Sunchong chapel; went through the communist uprising and built the Kongmoon chapel with communist strikers as his workmen at the same time; designed and built the Kongmoon

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

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**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.**

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seminary, the Toishan hospital, the chief buildings of the Gate of Heaven leper asylum; helped the Sisters in the construction of the beautiful Maryknoll Convent School in Hong Kong; and worked on other jobs too numerous to mention, here and there in the missions. Meanwhile he was learning a lot about China and was making himself completely at home in that land. He was unconsciously preparing for harder jobs in harder conditions.

Pearl Harbor day found Brother Albert moving around the missions, a few steps ahead of the raiding and occupying Japanese military. He had some close calls — but God had work for him to do and kept him out of harm's way. During the first period of the war, he erected the new Taipat mission plant and helped Father Constantine Burns with some construction work at Wanfau. Brother Albert belonged to the mission staff of the Kongmoon Vicariate, and he had carried out most of his building operations in that territory, but it was always understood that he was ready and happy to take on any building problems anywhere in the South China missions.

In 1944 he went to Wuchow to assist Bishop Donaghy in some important construction, which was to round out the



The Kongmoon church (above) is the work of Brother Albert. Bishop Walsh (below) lays the cornerstone of a new Loting building.



central mission plant. That work proved a race against time. Japanese soldiers had already taken Kweilin and flooded over the northern half of Kwangsi Province, making Wuchow a sort of enclave in an area of occupation.

Meanwhile more Japanese were making their leisurely way up the West River from the southeast, with Wuchow as their obvious objective. The occupation of the city was only a matter of time, depending on the plans or whims of the invaders. In those days most of the city people departed, for pastures new and green hills far away, while it was still possible to do so. Those who remained were heartened to find Bishop Donaghy, Father Reilly, and Brother

Albert working on the new mission structure with every appearance of serene confidence in the future. The work was timed nicely. The day before the occupation force arrived, Brother Albert saw to the finishing touches, paid off the workmen, and departed, under the Bishop's orders, to join Father McLaughlin and Father Fedders in the mountain mission of Topong.

Another job had been completed. But nobody was destined to profit by it for the moment, as Bishop

He doesn't only design his buildings but also shares in the hard work.



Donaghy and Father Reilly were obliged at the same time to vacate the city and seek refuge in a little village to the north. The newly built mission property was perforce left to the mercies of war and warriors, until better times should materialize.

The Topong saga is one that will be long remembered in Maryknoll annals. With a global war surging all around them and local bandits adding to the gaiety, Father McLaughlin, Father Fedders, and Brother Albert settled down to maintain their tiny mountain mission against the world. Cut off from Bishop Donaghy, who was isolated in a still more dangerous pocket, and bereft of all supplies and outside help, they transferred the native seminary to this out-of-the-way place, maintained it there, kept up the local mission work and kept themselves alive, without a break in continuity, until peace was declared. It was not a time or a place to build, yet Brother Albert found the means to carry out some much-needed repairs and to make the bulging quarters ship-shape.

After that he looked around for the most urgent work and decided it lay in the commissary department. How to keep alive was truly the real problem in the situation. "Suppose I take the job of feeding the family," he suggested. He was elected on the spot.

Brother Albert proved to be a cross between a procurator and a magician. He started raising pigs, chickens, and garden produce immediately. He carefully salvaged seeds and grew continuous crops of vegetables throughout the whole period. His chickens thrived until a pest invaded the neighborhood; then, when some of his own flock got the disease, he fed them a few sulfa pills he had saved for an emergency, and the flock was cured overnight. This is a good use of modern medical science when life depends on a few eggs and an occasional chicken. The livestock and garden produce eliminated the serious danger of starvation that had threatened the completely isolated mission.

He undertook, one day, to protect the mission from an imminent raid of local bandits. "I am glad I did not have to use the Mauser," he remarked, "because I do not know how the thing works."

Either mission work makes men resourceful, or else God picks men of resource and sends them into mission work. Or perhaps both conditions are true. At any rate, in South China there are many missionaries who would welcome the companionship of Maryknoll's young Swiss wheelwright—who is no longer young and is much more than a wheelwright—whenever they find themselves in a tight spot.

Brother Albert requests \$325 for a gasoline engine, to be used in teaching building trades to poor Chinese boys. We will forward to him any gift, large or small, for this purpose.

School Starts Next Monday

by Albert E. Good

Being principal of an African school is not just a desk job. It is a task that requires many unusual talents.

School will start next Monday. In anticipation of that happy event, I went over to the temporarily unused school building, to check the supplies. When I opened the door to my office, I was startled by the fluttering of wings above me. Two big gray owls were careening about the room. Finally they blundered their way out through one of the high windows just under the grass roof.

The natives are afraid of owls and refer to them as signs of approaching death. After viewing the devastation the birds had caused in my office, I resolved that, if I ever should catch

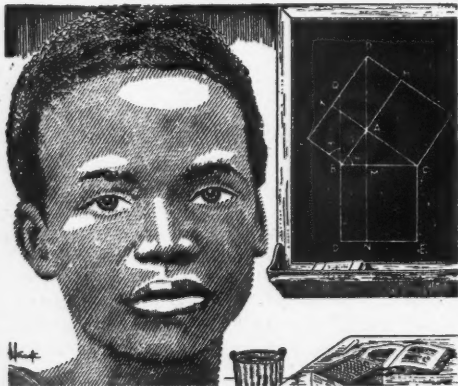
those owls, death would be not approaching but present.

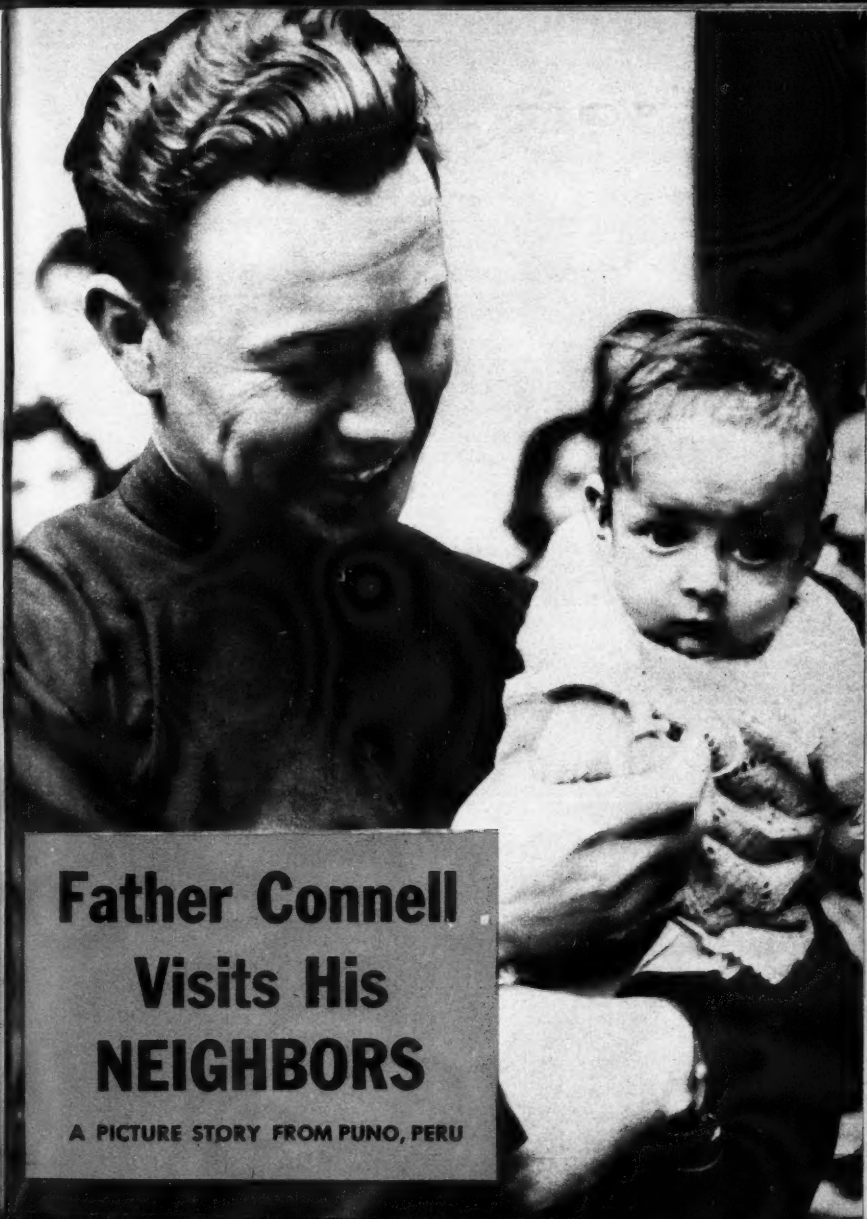
I decided to see how the schoolrooms looked after the vacation. The first three rooms inspected were remarkable only for the amount of dirt they had on the desks and floors. That would be cleaned up before Monday.

Then I went to the fourth room. There was plenty of dirt there, too, but over in a corner something new had been added — a tremendous hill built by white ants. It extended from the floor to within a foot from the roof — a height of about twelve feet. I was quickly stirred to action. If those ants should reach the roof — good-by roof!

Off to the tool shed I hurried, to get shovels. Then I called Ogada, our houseboy. Together we shoveled the ant hill and the millions of ants. When we surveyed the damage, we saw that the wall was riddled with holes, and most of the mud plaster had disappeared. There was nothing to be done at the time, except to spray the area with DDT, to prevent the pests' return.

All is now ready for Monday. The owls have departed; the supplies are ready; and the white ants have been checked, at least for the present. Now we await the arrival of boys.





**Father Connell
Visits His
NEIGHBORS**

A PICTURE STORY FROM PUNO, PERU



In his rounds of Puno, Father James Connell, of San Francisco, has many favorite places to call. Above, he gets a rousing welcome at the orphanage. When he wishes to see his people, he has only to wait at the nearby fountain, where each family must come for their daily water supply.





Three of Father's good friends are Juanita, Maria, and their dog, El Toro. The dog's name means "The Bull," but Toro bears only a Ferdinand-like relation



Last stop is at the Seminary conducted by the Maryknollers. Here Peruvian youths get acquainted with books, the religious life, and American sports



What to Give for Christmas

IF YOU have a friend who is interested in travel — why not give him or her a year's subscription to Maryknoll, THE FIELD AFAR? Our magazine is filled with stories and pictures of far-off, exotic lands.

If your friend is adventurous, Maryknoll, THE FIELD AFAR is for him. Its pages pulse with stories of danger and hardihood on three continents. There is hazard in the front lines of the Faith.

If your friend is a Catholic — he will rejoice in reading about the great work our Church is doing to spread God's word today. If he is not a Catholic — he will be glad to know what American young men are doing to win friends for our way of life abroad.

Maryknoll, THE FIELD AFAR is a gift in the spirit of Christmas. Your money serves twice: it gives the magazine to your friend and the Gospel to the world. The subscription price is \$1 a year, or \$5 for six years.

A card, bearing your name as donor, will be mailed to each name on your list, to announce that Maryknoll, THE FIELD AFAR will be sent as your gift.

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THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER



Notes by Bishop Raymond A. La
SUPERIOR GENERAL OF MARYKNOLL

The experiences of a concentration camp leave many indelible impressions, not the least of which is the value of Christian tolerance.

More than a score of Maryknollers were confined temporarily in a camp in Mukden, Manchuria, during World War II. Besides the Maryknollers, there were about forty others, chiefly Protestant missionaries — men and women. Naturally there were discussions about religion. These involved occasional arguments, but for most of the time there was genuine Christian harmony.

In the discussions it was found that the ascetical life of Catholics was unknown to the majority of the non-Catholic group. They knew the Church vaguely, and only by its externals. But they were willing to learn more about its teachings.

From Fushun we priests secured Tanqueray's *Ascetical Life* and Pourrat's *Christian Spirituality*. These books proved so popular that the non-Catholics were waiting in turn to read them. The ascetical side of the Church was a revelation for our separated brethren. One of the ministers confessed that he was a grown man when he first learned, on a visit to England, of the ancient

Catholic life there. One cannot but regret that we so seldom can provide such information.

We were edified by the personal piety of many non-Catholic missionaries. They, in turn, seemed impressed with the unity of the priests in regard to daily Mass and spiritual exercises, when there was such a diversity of opinion among the priests on nonreligious questions.

A very pleasant experience was the parting speech made by the senior Protestant member, one of the finest gentlemen the writer has ever met. He thanked our hosts for the inconveniences of the camp, commended the spirit of the Fathers, and gave a beautiful tribute to what he called, "the Mother of all the Churches."

What a pity that, because of doctrinal differences, the followers of Christ are distracted from the struggle against the common enemy — a godless, materialistic conception of society and of the state, which takes away the dignity and the freedom of the individual. We should examine our consciences before condemning others, and ask ourselves this question: "Am I in any way hindering the work of all Christians, the struggle against paganism?"

+ *Raymond A. La*



Father Grondin was an unusual but welcome visitor in priestless San Carlos

BISHOP HEREDIA asked me to cover San Carlos during the holidays. The next morning dawned on me nervously squatting in the lightless boat that was to ferry me across the Guayas River. I had groped up its dark gangplank early because its announced departure was to be at 5:30 a.m. It left at 6:10.

I should have known better than to get excited, but I confess it was difficult not to fall into the old Gringo habit of wringing one's hands, even pulling out a few hairs, while wondering if the train might leave without me at the scheduled 6:30. As soon as the ferryboat neared the pier on the opposite shore, at 6:27, I dashed for the station. It was after eight when the train started.

I had been told to get off at Conducta. The conductor was not announcing the stations, so I began to ask questions. The answers reminded me of some I had received

Backwoods Mission

All
was not
sugar and cream

by J. Gerard Grondin

from Bolivian rubber workers.

When asked, "How far is it to such a place?" a rubber worker might reply, "Well, Padre, two hours on a big clock, and three on a small clock."

About 10:30 the train stopped.



The author is popular with the young folks

I could see no station sign, but several passengers simultaneously informed me, "This is where you get off, Padre." An amiable youth picked up my grip and carried it out.

On the platform, Senor Valderrama hurried to greet me: "Good morning, Padre. Have a good trip? The Reverend Bishop wrote to us that you were coming. Follow me."

He led me to a sidetrack, where a relatively new, chugging, wood-burning locomotive and three Toonerville-like cars stood at attention. "We have an hour's journey,

to reach San Carlos," he said.

The train left promptly. As we bounced along, Senor Valderrama explained a few things. Here a sugar mill is called an *ingenio*. San Carlos is one of the largest sugar mills in Ecuador. About 2,000 persons are employed in the various phases of its sugar production.

As we rolled along the vast plantations, we passed through five encampments of thatched, bamboo huts. They are the homes of workers, and many ragged children were playing in the space around them. Finally we reached the mill itself: *Ingenio San Carlos*. There were countless low, narrow-gauged cars strewn along innumerable sidetracks.

The main offices are clean, comfortable buildings of a peculiar construction: split bamboo, flattened out and covered with cement.

After having been served an excellent dinner, I went to see the chapel. It is a very neat building, about sixty feet by twenty-five feet. It has a tin roof, a cement floor, bamboo-and-cement walls, and practically no windows. Beautiful, but very warm, indeed! When I looked through the sacristy, my heart began to sink.

Bishop Heredia had told me that, though they had never had a resident priest, the people of San Carlos had

built a church and had bought all the furnishings. "You need take only fresh hosts and wine, and the holy oils," the Bishop had said with a smile.

I surveyed the small sacristy several times, before working up courage to ask, "Where do you keep the chalice and the missal?"

There was an awkward silence. Then, "Padre," said one of the senoras, "we have ordered them, but they have not arrived yet."

"That's too bad," I answered, trying to smile. "I could have brought my own, easily."

It was impossible to go to Guayaquil and get back in time for Mass the next morning. I was very much disappointed, until Senor Iturralde told me about Naranjito.

"There's a small Franciscan mission there," he said. "Do you think the Fathers might have an extra chalice and missal?"

"It's worth a try," I replied. "How can we get there?"

The place was quite distant, and the roads had been reported very bad, even for horses. The senor thought that perhaps the general manager might lend us the locomotive. We looked for Don Jacobo Vernimen, a genial and jovial Ecuadorian of Dutch ancestry.

"Padre," he said, "it's my duty to help you. Be ready in five minutes." Soon we were on our way back to Conducta. The people at the encampments stared at the strange sight — the locomotive, one car, the

engineer, Senor Iturralde, and the Padre, all apparently in a great hurry. At Conducta we met another difficulty: a freight train was expected from Quito. It might come in a half hour or in four or five hours, and we couldn't risk the trip in the locomotive until the freighter should have passed.

The stationmaster must have seen my disappointment. "Did you ever ride a handcar, Padre?" he asked.

I was a bit slow and thought he was making conversation. "I guess every boy in the United States has

had that ambition," I replied, "and I have never lost mine."

"Well," he suggested, "with four good men, you can make the trip in less than thirty minutes. As this part of the road is straight and level, you'll see the slow, old freighter in plenty of time to throw the handcar off the track if necessary."

In a few moments, the stationmaster had rounded up a crew, and we were off. We reached Naranjito as day was becoming night in its abrupt tropical manner — and as a tropical cloudburst was descending. We greeted gaping people from the near-by bamboo shacks, and then saw the train approaching. There was plenty of time to remove our handcar from the tracks.

It was a wet but triumphant Padre who re-entered San Carlos that night at nine o'clock. Safely protected from the rain, a small missal and a small chalice were tucked under his arm.

Whatever Maryknoll has done, has been done under God, by your support both spiritual and material. We have counted on your prayers. We have used your money always—we have none of our own. We wish to thank you for your constant, generous backing of our work.

TAKE A LOOK AT OUR MARYKNOLL CHRISTMAS

His Best Present

Although most of the confessions in preparation for the Christmas feast had been heard the night before, Father Francis Lynch, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, had a few late-comers from the villages surrounding the Hingip mission. Finishing the last confession the missionary was about to prepare for his Christmas Mass when he saw Mrs. Wong trudging down the road, leading a cow.

Mrs. Wong is well known to the missionaries of that region. She is the widow of a catechist and has spent forty-three of her fifty-eight years working for the good of the Church. Mrs. Wong lives all alone, about five miles outside Hingip. Her oldest son is away working, and her youngest boy is in the army. To her, all priests and Sisters are perfect and can never do anything wrong.

Father Lynch watched this good woman while she put her cow in an empty stable. Then she came over to the missionary. She told him that she was worried about the possibility of getting to Mass on Christmas morning. Her cow was her most valued possession, and she didn't dare leave it at home for fear someone would steal it. Yet on Christmas

Day she must go to Mass. She solved her dilemma by bringing the cow five miles to the mission, where she could watch it while she was attending Mass.

"To me, Mrs. Wong's action was the best possible Christmas present," said Father Lynch. "You can't imagine how gratifying it is for the missionary to see the Faith living so strongly in his Catholics. It makes every sacrifice worthwhile."



Christmas in Summer

"I am sure that my first Christmas on the missions will be a happy one," writes New York City's Father Christopher Gibbons, from Puno, Peru. "Without a doubt, Christmas here will be different from what I used to experience. We associate the Feast of the Nativity with cold and snow, but down here it occurs in the summer season. I was surprised to learn that some people obtain Christmas

trees even here in Puno. I doubt, however, that many families can afford such a luxury as a tree: they have enough of a struggle securing food and clothing. People here are so poor that to many Christmas is just another day. The market will be open so that Mama can purchase her daily supplies, the fire will have to be made as usual, and little Juan and Maria will carry those ever-present gasoline tins to the public fountain for their daily load of precious water. Juan and Maria will not be envious when they see others enjoying themselves, because they are simple youngsters who know nothing of the luxuries of life."

Embarrassing Moment

It took resourcefulness to provide Christmas Mass for a group of rubber workers and their families, deep in the Bolivian jungle. Father Raymond J. Bonner, of South Ardmore, Pennsylvania, tells the story.

"Christmas brings happiness to all of us," writes Father Bonner. "If you don't believe me, wait until you hear the experience I had last Christmas. After saying Midnight Mass in our chapel and then one Mass early in the morning, I mounted my horse and went to a village about two hours distant, to celebrate the third Mass for many folks who had come in from the rubber centers.

"What would you do if, when you prepared the chalice, you discovered that you did not have a host? And when I looked at the happy and expectant faces of the people, it was impossible to tell them of my error. Suddenly, I thought of a Syrian mer-

chant, who had a supply of many things. Fortunately, he had some flour. Next, I found a girl hurriedly ironing a dress so that she could assist at Mass. We whipped the flour



into a batter and used the girl's hot iron. After five attempts, a suitable host was fashioned. Thus our jungle people were able to attend Mass on Christmas Day."

Christmas Reflections

"Christmas in Yeungkong begins about a week before the feast," writes Father Aloysius J. Rechsteiner, a Maryknoll missionary from Williamsport, Pennsylvania, now in South China. "About a week before Christmas, you tell the catechist to start getting a Crib in readiness. Each day you follow up your first order, to see that the Crib will not be larger than the church and that it will not become a miniature palace rather than a humble stable. Christmas in Yeungkong ends about three o'clock in the afternoon of the holyday, after the last Christian has departed for his home.

"Christmas here is not like Christmas at home. On the morning of the great day, the bell in the school dormitory near our compound rings as usual, to summon students for

another day of classes. In the city's daily business, there is no lull: banks remain open; letters are delivered; buying and selling goes on. Truly, Christmas Day is just another day in pagan China. Millions pay tribute to Caesar but only thousands pay tribute to the King of kings."



Top of the World

In the mountains of Kwangsi, China, a strange people live secluded. They are Yao people. Many, many centuries ago they emigrated from Tibet into China proper. In the following paragraphs, Father Herbert V. Elliott, of Elmhurst, New York, tells of a Christmas among the Yaos.

"There was a cold rain on the vigil of Christmas," Father Elliott writes. "Paul, a youngster who has grown up since I was here before, took over the job of making the Crib. He had half-a-dozen naked young Yaos running up and down the valley and climbing the mountains, in search of flowers. Despite their energetic efforts, they were able to gather only a few sprigs of holly for the altar. The boys broke off pine branches to cover the stable, and they put hay inside to keep the Holy Family warm.

"About eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve, the bell was rung. Shortly

afterwards, lights began to appear on the mountainside, as the Yaos emerged from their homes with sticks of blazing pine held over their heads like torches. Into the church they trooped, wet and cold, to see the Word that was come to pass. It must have been in a setting like this that the first Christmas was enacted. The grand finale came after the first Mass, when they broke out with their Christmas hymns. If you want to hear bedlam let loose, come visit the Yaos next Christmas. They have voices an octave higher than other people's, and they yelled so loud that I thought my one good ear would be completely shattered. But it was their form of devotion, and I am sure the Lord loved it.

"When their prayers and praises were ended, they slipped out into the night with their flaming torches above them. After a few hours rest, they returned for the third Mass of Christmas morning. Again at noon they came, for Rosary, followed by Benediction; and a last trip to the chapel for Night Prayers. Then Christmas Day for the Yao Catholics



was over. It had been a well-spent day for them, and for me, too. When I locked the chapel and went to bed, the wind was howling through the mountains, and the rain was pelting on the roof tiles. The night was black but for the flicker of the tabernacle

lamp, which pierced the gloom like the star that lighted the Wise Men."

Event of the Month

"The event of the month for December in Villa Victoria, Bolivia, was naturally Christmas," writes Father James A. Flaherty, of Philadelphia. "Every day for some weeks, about 350 children came to catechism and choir practice, so that by Christmas Eve they knew ten or more carols. Before Midnight Mass we paraded through the streets, with the children carrying lighted candles and singing songs of homage to the *Nino Jesus*. The grown people seemed



to like the idea and followed us. The chapel was packed for Midnight Mass."

Baby Contest

Down in Pemuco, Chile, Father James J. Rottner, of Cincinnati, Ohio, found himself on the spot. As part of the Christmas preparation, a group of the ladies decided to present the story of the Nativity with living figures. All went well until the time came to choose a child to be the Infant. Every mother wanted her child to play that role. Finally, Father Rottner was asked to select the best baby. The Padre (no Solomon) took one look at all the squall-



ing infants and begged off, fearing the consequences. The unhappy president of the Ladies of Catholic Action finally made the choice.

Report from Africa

Out of Kowak, Africa, comes word that 2,500 Christians gathered in the mission compound to celebrate the Feast of Christmas.

"The mission compound looks like Broadway and 42nd Street," nostalgically writes New York's Father Joseph E. Brannigan. "The natives are decked out in their finest and some of them look very attractive. The attendance of the women is good, but here in Africa the men outnumber them at church, even on Sunday."

In a more poetic vein, Father Louis I. Bayless, of San Francisco, reports from Nyegina, Africa. He writes:

"The weather is warm. All the trees are covered with thick foliage; some are in blossom. Roses are in full bloom, and the air is delicately scented. This is the picture of Nyegina at Christmas. A far departure from the Home Knoll.

"Our first Christmas here was an unforgettable one. The mission church was packed. Little children seemed to be draped over the altar rails. Outside stood a crowd of two hundred Christians, unable to find

room within. This was a record congregation — over eight hundred souls in all.

"Next to celebrating my Masses on Christmas Day, my greatest joy was the giving of the Christ Child to the faithful in Holy Communion. This is His gift, and my Christmas gift to His people. After Mass I wandered through the milling throngs, greeting our Christians.

"To top the day, we had a delicious Christmas dinner. The White Fathers provided a plum pudding, to which we really did justice. It will be a long, long time before this first Christmas in Africa fades from our memories. It was wonderful!"

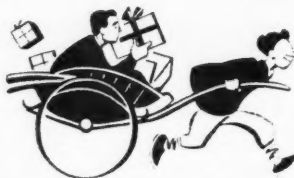
Also from Nyegina, Father William J. Collins, of Boston, Massachusetts, sends along a practical note. The Nyegina mission has no electricity. To provide light for Midnight Mass,



every lamp in the vicinity was pressed into service. Father Collins informs us that Brother Laurenti, a native, made six colored paper lanterns to hang over the altar.

A Favorite Story

One of our favorite stories comes from Chile. Father Jerome P. Garvey, of San Francisco, sends it along. Chilean youngsters bring gifts of toys and clothes to the Crib. One little girl of nine years had neither



toys nor clothes to offer. But she brought a gift. On a piece of paper, she scrawled:

*Little Jesus, I have no other gift
But my words for you.*

*Little Jesus, take what I have
And bless Papa and Mama.*

Mistaken Notion

Two days before Christmas, the Catholic Action group in Talca, Chile, puts on an annual Christmas party at the Institute of Leo XIII (founded by Father James V. Manning, of Richmond Hill, New York). Last year some twelve hundred poor youngsters attended the party. Father Manning reports that the affair was a howling success.

As a feature of the party, the Padres produced a large Crib — with living figures. Something happened to the little boy who was to play the Christ Child, and he didn't come for the presentation. At the last moment, a two-year-old girl was pressed into service.

Just as the curtain was to go up, she began to cry. Father Manning quickly handed her a lollipop and thus saved the day. The good Padre has only one worry now. He is afraid that many Chilean youngsters are going to go through life believing that their Lord was born a girl, with a lollipop in her mouth.



ADD UP THESE FACTS

THEN draw your own conclusions.

In the thirty-six years of Maryknoll's existence, growth has been steady and rapid. All during that time, we have had to think of immediate needs at home and abroad: rooms to house our students, classrooms for them to study in, and so forth. And overseas, one new mission after another has called for urgent financial assistance. Certain essential needs have been postponed from year to year.

One of these needs was a permanent chapel for our Seminary. The chapel will be a memorial to our friends, living and dead. Some individuals have already contributed towards its erection. A few societies and parish groups have asked that the memory of their deceased members be perpetuated; others have asked that the living be remembered.

Do you wish to have a lasting part in the training of Maryknoll missionaries? Please remember that any amount you decide to give for the Seminary chapel will be acceptable to us. You may contribute \$1, or \$5, or \$500. Or you may pledge a sum and pay it in monthly installments.

WRITE TO:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

Ma Paat Loses His Son

by Cyril V. Hirst



One Sunday morning Ma Paat, a Catholic contractor who has done much work for the Church in South China, came in to disturb the peace of the seminary. His little son, aged twelve, had been gored by a bull and was in a bad way. Could the *Shen Fu* do anything?

Armed with instruments, Father Fedders and I set out. On the way we were met by a number of optimists, who assured us that the lad's intestines could be seen very clearly and that we ought not have any trouble gathering them up and putting them in their place again. Of course, they were a bit cut up, but with a little string and a needle there need be no difficulty. As we progressed, the news became progressively worse. And Ma Paat, ahead of us, reminded me very much of the disheveled Peter, racing to the tomb with both doubt and fear depicted on his countenance, as every passing acquaintance confirmed his worst fears. Finally, one old fellow, a little more intelligent than the rest, stopped us to report that the job had been done up by a local "horse doctor."

"What did he use?" we asked.

"A sewing needle and some black thread."

"You mean ordinary, sewing-machine thread?"

"Yes, just that. He sewed up the cut intestines, pushed them back with his hands, and then sewed up the outer skin."

"Who is this fellow?"

"Why, there he is, just a short distance from you.

He passed you a minute ago, on his way home."

We looked and remembered! Father Fedders had remarked, after the man had passed, that he looked like a local butcher who slaughtered cows. He was carrying small scales over his shoulders. His clothes were of the poorest type, his hair was unkempt, and his hands and nails were grimy and dirty. So that was the "horse doctor"! We hurried our pace.

We were met at the door of Ma Paat's home by apprehensive faces. All the persons present appeared utterly incapable of handling such a situation. Indeed, who except a skilled doctor could handle it? The injured lad was lying on a plain board. He was clad in a filthy pair of shorts, and his wound was covered with a green mass of wet grass used as a poultice. The youngster himself was quiet but was suffering much pain.

Father Fedders took out the holy oils, while I prepared to see what could be done to make conditions easier for the lad on his way to the hospital. After the grass poultice was removed and the dirt cleared away with alcohol, the wound was revealed. It was a very deep gash across the stomach, about nine inches long. The outside sutures — that is, the black thread — followed a trellised

pattern, much like a weave, and in places the intestines could be seen protruding.

It was probable that, on the long trip to Wuchow, the black thread would break. So I decided to do something to improve the patient's chances. While Father Fedders anointed with the saving oils, I carefully removed the black thread. Then I sprinkled sulfanilimide in the gaping wound and sutured it with nine sutures. Like other Chinese, in cases where pain was involved, my little patient made no sound except an occasional moan.

After we had done all we could, we asked for the details of the story. Young Ma was a tender of water buffaloes, as are most country boys in China. He was on his buffalo's back when the accident occurred. Ordinarily, the buffaloes, under the skilled hands of Chinese boys, are as tame as our dogs at home. Let them once be angered, however, and they become dangerous. This partic-

ular bull was aroused apparently by another bull, and both joined horns.

The young rider, instead of immediately dismounting, held on for a bull fight. On one charge, the head of the beast descended to the very ground, and the boy slipped down over the neck and onto one of the horns of the animal. Enraged at the smell of blood, the bull gored the boy for a few moments, before help arrived.

Young Ma's only comment, as men beat off the bull, was: "Take it easy! That's my bull. See that no harm comes to him!"

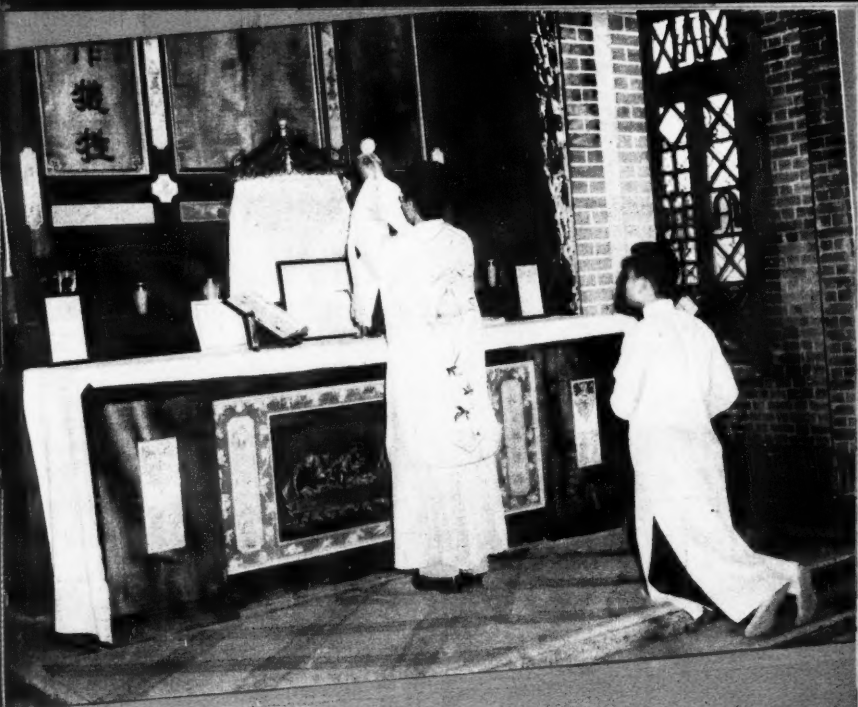
The injured boy was unconscious when he reached the Wuchow hospital, and on the following day he died. Details about the case were not given to us, but we believe we can make a safe "guess" about them. Probably peritonitis developed quickly, as a result of the "first aid" that was given by means of dirty hands and still dirtier black thread. Thus another picture of Chinese medicine.

Your birthday gift to the Christ Child this year could be an offering to educate a young man for the Maryknoll priesthood.

May the peace of Christmastide bless you; may the charity of Christ fill you; and may you receive, as a pledge of the Christ Child's love, a longing to spread the glad tidings of His birth to the ends of the earth!

**The Maryknoll Fathers
CHRISTMAS - - - 1947**





"Up and Doing"

A CAMERA REPORT FROM SOUTH CHINA

by James E. Fitzgerald

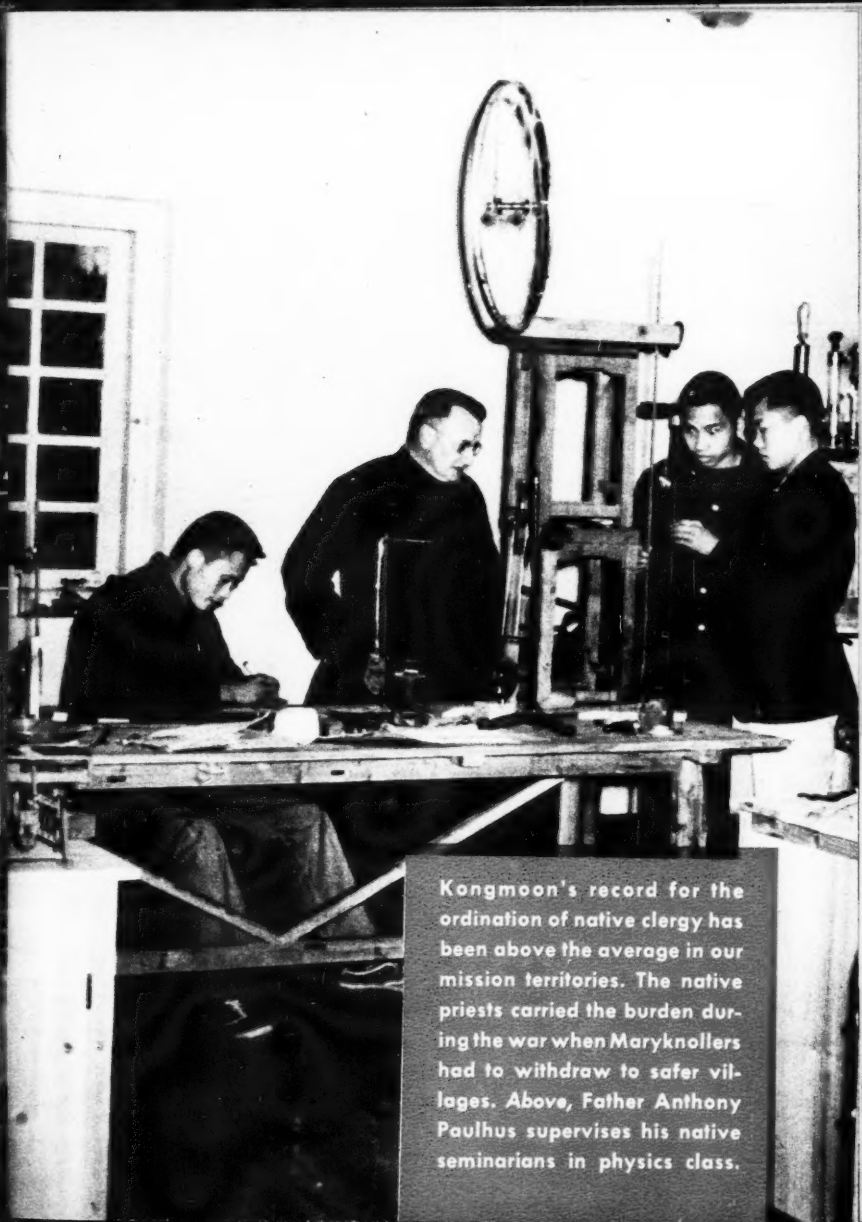
For the first time since Pearl Harbor, we have received pictures taken in our Kongmoon mission. Father James Fitzgerald, the photographer, enclosed a note saying that the Kongmoon mission has recovered from the war and is "up and doing." But in the Kongmoon Cathedral (above), a new Chinese priest says his first Mass on an altar still lacking candlesticks.



Dispensary work still occupies much of the missionaries' time. Father Constantine Burns, of Toledo, is shown vaccinating a Chinese youngster



Mission schools have been opened under the direction of the Maryknoll Sisters. Additional schools are being planned for outlying regions



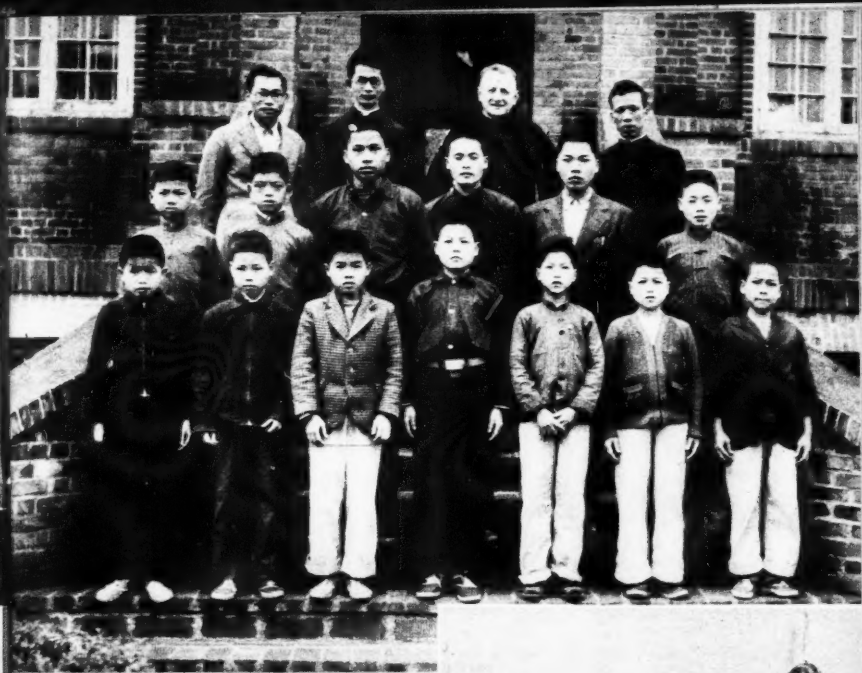
Kongmoon's record for the ordination of native clergy has been above the average in our mission territories. The native priests carried the burden during the war when Maryknollers had to withdraw to safer villages. Above, Father Anthony Paulhus supervises his native seminarians in physics class.



Almost two-score native Sisters are working alongside the Maryknoll Sisters. Above, native novices are instructed in repairing vestments



Typical of the Chinese girls who give their lives to the service of the Church, are Teresa and Philomena. Each is the child of farming parents



Kongmoon is the oldest of the Maryknoll missions. Now a diocese under Bishop Adolph Paschang, of St. Louis, Missouri, this torrid South China territory possesses some six million non-Christian souls. Hope for reaching this vast mass of people lies in training a native clergy. Close to the heart of every Kongmoon Maryknoller is the preparatory seminary, located in the see city. Some day the Maryknollers will move on to other fields, leaving Kongmoon in the care of its own native clergy.



Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll P. O., New York

Heavenly Gift

Christmas cannot come too soon or too often. The world is in a chronic state of weary waiting for its good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people. "Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept, when we remembered Sion" (*Ps. cxxxvi:1*). Mankind is lonesome. Life is an exile. Yet it became a happy one when God sent His only begotten Son to join us in it. It changed like magic. It is no longer a blackout of gloom and sorrow. Its bleak hor-

izons now merge into a new dawn of blessed hope under the rays that shine out from little Bethlehem. Its unrequited striving is given eternal meaning. There will be saving grace for all who truly seek it. There will be peace on earth to men of good will. "In those days shall Juda be saved, and Israel shall dwell confidently; and this is the name that they shall call him: The Lord our just one" (*Jer. xxiii: 6*).

Forgotten

Christmas without Christ is the supreme tragedy, yet it is the lot of the great majority of the human race at the present day. Shop windows tell this story, also, and sometimes tell it most eloquently. Shop windows full and shop windows empty, shop windows with longing eyes cast at them and hopeless little noses glued to them, shops without windows, shops without shoppers, shops with no goods to sell and shoppers with no means to buy, shops in ruins and shoppers in rags — so passes our joyful season of giving, in a great many parts of the earth, a great part of the time. To the hungry and shivering multitudes in underprivileged pagan lands, Christmas is the same as any other day, and it is spent, not in giving and receiving, but in struggling and contending for the bare necessities of life. This widespread material privation is, moreover, only one

phase of the moral and spiritual backwardness that underlies it. Not to know Christmas is to be a spiritual beggar in a world that has been ringing with the good tidings of great joy for many centuries. Something is amiss. There should be no Christmas without Christ, anywhere in the world.

Christmas Gift

The gifts of Christian civilization are still denied to many, but the charity of Christ is extraordinarily diffusive, and there are few corners

underprivileged people is the missionary — a precious contribution to their welfare, a gift that compensates for the lack of many less-important things. The missionary himself does not feel much like a Christmas gift. He feels more like an empty-handed Santa Claus among his people, as he ponders their miseries and their heartaches and surveys their endless needs. He would like to help them more than he does, but his means are very limited. His Christmas is as simple as theirs. He lives like them and with them, giving what he has and sharing what they have.

Givers

CHRISTMAS would come three hundred and sixty-five times a year, if we would maintain its spirit. The electric kindliness that radiates among us in the Yuletide air results from the fact that so many persons are thinking of others. Christmas is not a feast of self. Shop windows and shoppers, gifts and givers of gifts, tell this story. Thinking of others is an excellent life-time prescription. When everybody is trying to make somebody else happy, the true purpose of the race made in God's image and likeness is being fulfilled. That purpose is unselfish love. The Holy Scripture says that there is no love of God without love of our neighbor, and we may add that there is little love of our neighbor without love of God. Charity came into the world with Christ, to make us love both. Every day was Christmas where Mary was, because the Son she gave to the world remained forever in her heart. Every day is Christmas where there is true charity.

left in the world today where it is not beginning to penetrate. God, at least, does not forget the less-fortunate children of His scattered family, and He reaches them by a Christmas gift of His own devising. He Himself selects, prepares, and sends the gift to them. This Christmas gift to His

He and they together lack many of the material blessings that we associate with Christmas. But he brings them something far better. He accepts their poverty in order to give them the riches of Christ, for he is the charity of Christ in operation. He is a good Christmas gift.

STOP KILLING DRAGONS



THIS BOOK is by a missionary named George (Maryknoll's Fr. George Krock). He writes to his patron saint trying to interest St. George — and you — in his mission. People still say, "Let George do it," but you may find yourself so captivated that you will want to share the honors. A delightful book illustrated with a real Chinese flavor by Weda Yap. **McMullen, \$2.50**
•MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

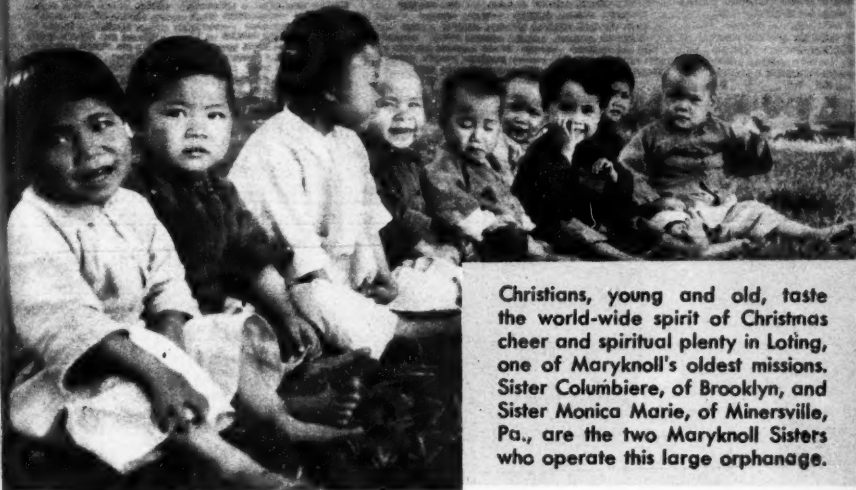


THE MAN ON JOSS STICK ALLEY

is Maryknoll's Father McShane, a specialist in the rescue of abandoned babies. The author, Bishop J. E. Walsh is also a Maryknoller, and has been described as "a poet with a magic pen." Father Gillis, editor of *The Catholic World*, says of this book, "There is not a dull page or a dull paragraph in the entire volume." Beautifully illustrated with photographs. **Longmans, \$2.75**

A collage of several black and white photographs showing various people in different settings. Some are portraits, others are group shots. The photos are arranged in a somewhat overlapping manner.

Books are available at MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.



Christians, young and old, taste the world-wide spirit of Christmas cheer and spiritual plenty in Loting, one of Maryknoll's oldest missions. Sister Columbiere, of Brooklyn, and Sister Monica Marie, of Minersville, Pa., are the two Maryknoll Sisters who operate this large orphanage.

Santa Makes it to Loting

The orphans
wore
velvet coats

It was in June that the pig woman began talking about Christmas trees. This woman comes every day to get the water we wash the rice in (and there is a great deal of that in an orphanage of about 130 children), to take it home to her pigs. Beautiful Lotus Flower, the orphanage cook, laughed as she stirred the rice, bubbling in the big iron basin set over the fire.

"Ay-yah!" she shouted through the steam. "On this hot day, you must

talk about getting Christmas trees for us! What do you know of the Great Feast? You are not baptized yet."

"Much work, many children, few hours," the pig woman answered, putting her situation in a nutshell. "But my heart believes in the Lord of Heaven, and when I have time, I will study His doctrine. Also, I will bring here the Christmas tree in December, for the children and the Sisters. Say no more; I have promised it."

She was on hand, three days before Christmas, with five beautiful trees and two of her biggest grandchildren to help put them up. So — we had Christmas trees!

The new suit for everybody took almost as long. We felt that each child must have at least one nice



A Nativity play highlighted the festivities

suit for Christmas. The precious boxes that Mother Mary Joseph had sent yielded some material that looked like velvet. Perhaps the folks who sent it did not know that it could be used for clothes; but by doing some jigsaw work on it, we cut out a great many *shaams*. (You would call them jackets or coats.) Some material from Red Cross packages made beautiful *foos* — or trousers, as you would say. We went back to Mother's boxes and found enough dresses, so that each child had a new outfit. And not one of the new garments cost us a cent!

Some parachute material was made into handkerchiefs. Then we bought — actually bought — everyone a wash cloth. We made some red bags and filled them with cookies and tangerines and hard candy, which Father Churchill had supplied. Furthermore, just to add a touch of luxury, Father Churchill had bought each child a hair clip.

So — Christmas gifts as well as trees were provided!

The next step was to attend to the decorating. Ko-Anaap (Big Anna) and the children achieved beautiful results in the church. Big Anna fell from the ladder, but her one regret was that she had broken the ladder rather than her leg or her neck. The ladder would be needed to light

the large lamp for Holy Mass; whereas, she could be replaced more easily, she felt.

The last-minute rehearsals for the Christmas pageant were held as usual. We produce the pageant yearly. Besides entertaining the children, it teaches them the age-old story; and it strengthens the adult Christians in their Faith. Then too, many non-Christians are attached to the pageant, and from it they learn something of the Lord of Heaven's love for all men.

We always use a real donkey and a real baby — one of the unwanted mites brought to us on Christmas just

as on other days. Of all the days in the year, surely that is the one on which a baby should be most welcome!

Our Christian people had been coming in from the far villages all afternoon, to attend Midnight Mass. For fear of robbers, they all wished to get to the mission before dark. We had fixed up a large room on the first floor, for the Christians to sleep in, but who wants to sleep when friends unseen for months are gathering for a reunion? As our guests unpacked the bundles of bedding and loosened the squawking chickens and stretched their tired legs and feet toward the fire, the cheerful greetings flew back and forth.

"Ah-yah! You are fatter than you were at the Easter Mass!"

"The *Shen Fu* tells me that your village had a good crop this year."

"... and the Sisters were there when honorable mother died."

"Lao-tze? It is his turn to stay on the farm; he was here for Pentecost."

When all was ready, the bells rang in another glad Christmas Day! The choir of children, dressed as angels,

sang carols before the Midnight Mass. Of course, the grown folks who knew the carols — and some who didn't — chimed in. Peaceful Prosperity played, and we all sang the Mass of the Angels. That was the first time the children had attempted the Proper, but they did very well. They sang "*Adeste Fideles*" at the Offertory.

After Mass came the party. We served *chuk* to the Christians. This is a rice gruel mixed with dehydrated peas. They liked it very much. While the rumpus of enjoyment was at its height, we two Sisters

stole off to see how the orphans were getting along. They have *chuk* every morning, so we had allotted boiled sweet potatoes for their Christmas treat. They did enjoy the treat, you may be sure; and quite a few learned that two big eyes are much bigger than one small stomach.

We had our own Christmas at the last. In the Maryknoll spirit, we visited the Crib and prayed for the dear folks at home — our families, our Sisters, and the benefactors who made this day so happy for our charges and for us.

VALLEY PARK

Well over a hundred new postulants for the Maryknoll Sisters journeyed this autumn to Valley Park, Missouri, a few miles outside St. Louis, the new novitiate of the Maryknoll Sisters.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

Dear Sisters:

You can get a lot of Christmas cheer for comparatively little on the missions. Will you use the enclosed \$_____

Name_____

Street_____

City_____Zone_____State_____

Starting with the new year, I will send \$_____ each month to help support a Maryknoll Sister. Please send me a reminder. I understand that, if I find myself unable to go on, I shall be perfectly free to discontinue this aid at any time.



Kingdom Without Gunpowder

A Christmas story by Bishop Paschang

CHOW KUNG, personal geomancer, astronomer, expounder of dreams, and general wise man for the Han emperor, was alone in his gloomy study, preparing an important experiment. He put certain proportions of saltpeter, sulphur, and charcoal dust in the crockery jar, filled the jar with pebbles, and inserted a rice-straw fuse. Then he touched a flame to the fuse and ran to cover behind a wooden cabinet in a far corner of the room.

There was a shocking blast. Shards of the wine jar scarred the walls, and pebbles crashed against the roof tiles. The experimenter fanned the acrid smoke from his face and smirked with satisfaction.

"It can do," he muttered. "It is as I thought. It is good!"

After the smoke had cleared away, Chow Kung carefully inscribed the measures of the ingredients of his explosive mixture on a little plaque of bamboo and hid it inside his robes.

"Now," he said, "my theory has proved itself. It is time I was on

my way."

The wise man walked through a series of courtyards and halls, to the private apartments of his master and patron, the emperor of China. (Because of his position on the palace staff, he had the privilege of audience with the ruler at any hour.) He knelt before the lounging emperor and tapped the brick floor with his forehead.

"Great Man," Chow Kung said, "this unworthy one craves leave to remove himself for a time from the radiance of Your Presence."

"For what reason?" asked the emperor, languidly sipping tea.

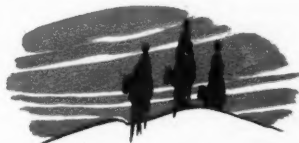
"To travel far under the sky in search of wisdom, and to bring it back for the glory of the Great Man's realm."

The "Great Man" grunted assent and lazily motioned with his long-nailed fingers for the petitioner to depart.

Chow Kung went from the royal presence gladly. He felt no compunction for not having stated the

true reason for the intended journey. He knew that no good, and perhaps some harm, would result if he were rash enough to tell his dissipated master that he was going to join a caravan of wise men from countries outside the Middle Kingdom — wise men who were following a strange, new star. The shallow-minded emperor had no interest in the Sacred Books of the Jews or the tradition, much discussed among scholars of distant nations, which held that a Prince would be born who would conquer all within the four seas. The Chinese wise man certainly could not tell his royal master about the secret discovery that would give the new Prince a new power, a new weapon, an explosive that would make His armies invincible. The Han emperor would want this weapon for himself and would use it for wicked purposes. But the expected Prince, the tradition said, would do only good to mankind. Chow Kung intended to put his newly invented weapon in the newborn Prince's hands, and to offer himself to be His wise man.

"What shall I take on my journey?" the Chinese wise man considered. "Gold or silver I need little of. There are sick people everywhere; my knowledge of healing herbs will secure from them, in return, the simple food I need. Ah, but I must take my sleeping-mat,— that excellent, thick mat of fine grass, soft as hair, which I myself wove and which can be folded into a small package."



The caravan followed the star, whiling away the days in earnest discussion of wisdom. When they entered the stable, the sight of the Child, lying in the manger, reassured them. They knelt and performed acts of worship, each one according to the customs of his own nation. They offered their gifts to the Child, and they understood then the symbolical meaning of what they had been inspired to bring.

Chow Kung tapped the earth three times with his forehead, then gazed long upon the face of the Child. At last he

spoke to his companions:

"Among my people I am said to be wise in the reading of faces, and in the foretelling of human destinies. This Infant is, indeed, a Prince who will conquer the world. But He will not do it by means of the weapon that was to be my gift for Him." The Chinese wise man then drew from within his garments the bamboo plaque inscribed with the secret formula of the explosive. With no hesitation, he took the plaque to the fire that was smoldering in a corner of the stable, and dropped his former treasure in the flames.

"But I have a better present for this newborn Prince — a present that is fitting for the kind of life that He will lead. Many a night this will ease His weary body."

Chow Chung unfolded the sleeping mat, soft as hair, which his own hands had woven, and gently spread it over the straw on which lay the smiling Prince of all mankind.

Father Kelly's Goodly Company

by James Maher



"Pedro, tell the Sisters I'll say Mass in the chapel. I'll be over a little before twelve."

Wearily wiping his perspiring forehead, the tired Padre goes into his small room and walks over to his bed. Intending to rest for a while, Father Kelly pulls aside the mosquito netting surrounding his bed, and with a sigh of relief, he stretches himself out on the mattress. But the tropical air is heavy and stifling, and despite the netting, mosquitoes manage to buzz and bite and buzz some more. To sleep is impossible. Before long, Pedro is back, and the weary pastor arises and goes to the little mission chapel, to celebrate Midnight Mass for Christmas. This Christmas is, for Father Kelly and for many other Maryknoll missionaries, the first one spent in the missions. Although the calendar reads December 25, nothing else suggests the holy and happy season.

Those innumerable decorations and attractive externals, which we, at home, have allowed to become essentials of Christmas, are lacking in most missions. Many missionaries have no Christmas trees; they smell no pleasant odor of pine; they see no glistening bulbs or shining tinsel;

they feel no softly falling snow. Above their doors is no holly; in their windows hang no wreaths. Can the day, then, be Christmas? Can the season be the year's most joyous one?

Indeed, yes! Christmas proclaims, and shall always proclaim, the joy of Christ, our Saviour. Despite the absence of Yuletide ornaments and accidentals, Christmas is essentially the same for Maryknollers everywhere. From the mountains of Peru to the Tanganyikan plains, from the rice fields of China to the Bolivian forests, from the bleak hillsides of Manchuria to the rolling valleys of Chile, missionaries joyfully welcome the newborn Infant.

As each missionary, at Christmas Mass, raises the Host in his isolated chapel, he joins with the innumerable others scattered about the globe, in giving glory to the Christ Child. Oceans and continents may separate missionaries, but as each kneels on Christmas morning beside the Crib, in adoration of our Infant Saviour, he can almost sense on the other side the presence of the others, adoring with him. "I belong to a goodly company," Father Kelly murmurs.

CHECKER-BOARD QUIZ

Circle your answers.
Then check below.

1. This country has no seacoast.

- a. Bolivia
- b. Burma
- c. Bulgaria

2. Vanilla was first discovered in:

- a. Spain
- b. Fiji Islands
- c. Mexico

3. He was first to sail around the world.

- a. Magellan
- b. Juan Cano
- c. Columbus

4. When the muezzin called:

- a. People knelt down
- b. A bell sounded
- c. Dinner was served

5. Between Ecuador and Chile lies:

- a. Bolivia
- b. Peru
- c. Uruguay

6. The offspring of a jackass is:

- a. Donkey
- b. Mule
- c. Jackal

7. Tapioca is really:

- a. A nut
- b. A root
- c. A berry

8. Mohammed was the founder of:

- a. Buddhism
- b. Islamism
- c. Mormonism

9. Most Panama hats come from:

- a. Ecuador
- b. Panama
- c. India

10. The founder of Maryknoll was:

- a. Bishop James E. Walsh
- b. Bishop James A. Walsh
- c. Father McShane

ANSWERS: 1. Bolivia; 2. Mexico; 3. Juan Cano; 4. People knelt down; 5. Peru; 6. Donkey; 7. A root; 8. Islamism; 9. Ecuador; 10. Bishop James A. Walsh



The Grandson

God passed
his way

by Howard D. Trube

When Kou Tchin Sam returned to his shop, on the afternoon of the last Sunday in December, and saw his grandson stretched on the near-by pavement, dead, the old man felt as if the surrounding Ng Fa hills were avalanching to crush him. He had already suffered for his Faith at the hands of two unbelieving sons and many non-Christian friends. He could

not, for the moment, understand this spectacle of loss before him.

In appreciation for the gift of grace, Kou Tchin Sam had parted with a concubine — for which his neighbors had never ceased ridiculing him; he had destroyed the ancestor shrine — for which his relatives had never forgiven him; and he had burned an invaluable library of superstitious works — for which his learned friends had continued to reproach him. But when his beloved grandson was taken from him, Tchin Sam Pao found that sacrifice incomprehensible. His family, whom he had led into the Church but recently, found it even more difficult to understand.

The grandson, little Fon Kouï, had been fervent from the beginning of his interest in Christianity. When the Sisters gathered the children and grandchildren of Mr. Kou for instruction, Fon Kouï worked hard to master the prayers and the Catechism.

One day, not long after the instructions had been completed, and the members of the family baptized, Fon Kouï was asked what he would like to be when he grew up.

"Oh, I wish to be a soldier!"

"But a soldier doesn't make any money, and doesn't have a very happy life."

"The kind of soldier I wish to be receives seven gifts, which are better than all the money in the world, and he serves under the very best General! What more could I wish?"

After he became a Catholic, little Fon Kouï walked the six miles to and from church on every Sunday. On those Sundays when the Christians knew that the priest would be in Shuichai and there would be no Mass in Ng Fa, most of them said their prayers at home. But Fon Kouï always managed to get one of the group to accompany him to the church.

One Sunday he prevailed on his grandmother to walk with him to the city. That morning in December was bristling with the dry cold of winter, and the youngster sparkled in it. On the way he took Grandma under instruction and reviewed some prayers that she had memorized incorrectly; then he spent the rest of the time explaining the Mass. He said that he hoped to receive Jesus into his heart some day, and wished that the Sisters

would hurry to finish the instruction for First Communion.

Hand in hand, grandmother and grandson arrived at the church. After Mass and an instruction on the Catechism, the couple went to grandfather's shop for breakfast. Then the old lady started out for home, and the boy remained in town for the Market Day activities. The doors of the store were thrown open, business was soon under way, and Fon Kouï made himself useful to his grandfather in many ways. He helped weigh beans and measure out oil, and he ran to and fro doing odd jobs for his uncles. But eventually he tired of business and decided to go up to the third floor, where his youngest uncle was studying in preparation for school examinations.

The older members of the family had always been concerned about Fon Kouï's health. He was subject to

spells, which caused him to lose all consciousness while his body became taut as a dried bamboo. The elders watched over the lad very carefully so that no ill would come to him during the attacks. But we were all anxious over the boy's future. An

epileptic doesn't have a happy lot in the Orient: people in general despise the afflicted, and even sons and brothers ostracize them.

On the Sunday morning when Fon



PRAYERS, PLEASE

WILL you, too, remember the following requests we have received for prayers?

Persons sick.....	1,660
Persons deceased.....	1,696
Persons in the services.....	600
Other special intentions.....	1,958

Koui went up to the third floor of his grandfather's house, he found his young uncle too busy to play with him. So the little boy amused himself with solo games. From time to time the uncle looked up, saw the boy amusing himself, and then returned to his studies. But finally Fon Kouï played too close to an opening in the wall, which overlooked the cement flooring of the inner courtyard. The uncle looked up just in time to see the little body stiffen, and then pitch forward through the opening. When the horrified young man reached the ground floor, he found customers and friends gathered about the lifeless body of the child.

The grandfather hurried to the scene. He saw his cherished grandson lying in a crumpled heap, dead. His heart hardened as he walked closer to the prostrate figure. Falling to his knees, the old man took the lad's head in his wrinkled, trembling hands. And then he saw a smile on the boy's lips. His faith told him there must be some explanation. His non-Christian friends and hostile sons might not accept it, but he was certain he would be shown the reason.

Avoiding all would-be consolers, Kou Tchín Sam made his way to the second floor, lifting each weary foot as a great burden. He entered his little private chapel and fell on his knees before the crucifix. After a long, pleading look, he put his head on his arms and remained in prayer for a long time. Then he knelt erect and blessed himself. In the shadow of Christ's cross, he had found an explanation for his own sorrow, and from the gaping wounds of Christ had drawn consolation for his soul.

The old man's soul was at peace, and his faith was strengthened. He understood that Christ, who had cured blind, deaf, mute, leper to spare them the ridicule and neglect of their fellow men, had taken his small grandson from a life that held little hope of happiness. By one swift act, God had shown his love for the child, and His infinite mercy. The spotless young soul had been taken to the throne of God, where he, together with the Blessed Mother and all the saints, would enjoy for all eternity the rightful heritage of man. There he would remain, as his grandfather's intercessor and as Ng Fa's first saint.

LO-TING Books—For Children 6 to 10 years

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How Near

Is the Nearest Alligator?



A bad night
in the jungle

by Joseph V. Flynn

A canoe ride is always exciting. This is especially true if the canoe is a hollowed-out log. The excitement is especially nerve-tingling if passengers and freight load the canoe to within a few inches of the water level of a Bolivian river that is teeming with alligators.

Such were the conditions when I set out on an urgent sick call recently. I had hurriedly packed baptismal water, holy oils, and altar stone into a dugout canoe. It was already late in the afternoon when we started, but Juan, who wielded a ten-foot pole from his perch in the stern, thought there was enough daylight left for the trip.

The four passengers—my teen-age helper, two Indian women, and I—sat stone-like for several hours while Juan poled with a slow, rhythmic

motion. Anyone who has ever walked a tightrope should know how we felt. Brushing an insect off one's nose was enough to reduce alarmingly the slim margin that separated us from an unwanted bath. Whenever we saw an alligator slide into the water, our noses didn't itch anymore.

Suddenly the canoe grazed a sunken log and shipped water. The women screamed. Everyone bailed with the nearest thing available. There was no turning back. We were moving in a current swollen by recent rains. Then, to make matters worse, clouds piled up above us. A drizzle started, and with it came premature darkness. It became increasingly difficult for our boatman to see floating branches and logs that lay in our path. We took two flashlights out of the baggage and lighted our way for awhile. Then the canoe hit two obstructions in rather quick succession. The slight craft filled dangerously, and the passengers began bailing once more. After a few moments, the current caught the canoe, gave it a



Father Flynn still travels in dugout canoes

complete turn, and banged it against the river's bank. To us, any place seemed safer than the canoe. So we struggled up the steep, muddy bank. We were on the edge of the jungle, and no one could say how far we were from the nearest alligator or snake, since the night was pitch dark by that time. Our baggage was fairly dry. We took from it a big hunting knife, a machete, a shotgun, and a revolver. The guide fired the latter

three times as a signal that help was needed. We waited a long while without receiving any answer, and then decided to try to find a trail. Juan took the lead and with the machete hacked out a path. But after fifteen minutes, of searching, we still had not found the trail.

Afraid of getting lost in the jungle, we retraced our steps to the river bank. There Juan and I got in the canoe again, and paddled off, hugging the shore, in search of a creek. Luckily we found one (and a path, too!), after going only a few hundred yards. Then

Juan hacked a path back to the spot where our companions were waiting.

Loaded down with baggage, our little party set out on foot, with the dim beams of flashlights showing the way. We walked for a full hour, up and down hill, before reaching our destination, Puerto Arturo. Of course I was too late to do any baptizing that night. But we saw plenty of evidence that the following day would be a very busy one.

Any boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missioner should write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll ☐ Priest
☐ Brother

(Check one). I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____

Street _____ School _____

City, Zone, State _____ Class _____



Pal, the Worker

DOWN Chile way, Father James Rottner, of Cincinnati, Ohio, holds sway over the Pemuco parish. At least, he does according to the records. But many of the Pemuco parishioners think that his dog, Pal, is the parish kingpin. Wherever the Padre goes, Pal is sure to follow. When building was going on in the parish, Pal spent all his time watching the obreros (the workers). Pal always attends the workingmen's meetings and is referred to as Pal, the Obrero.





Moving Ahead

by Leo H. Tibesar

Life in Tokyo at present resembles a slow-motion film. There is so much going on that many opportunities are missed.

Food is still a nightmare. Last week there was much rejoicing when we received the first shipment of food parcels from the St. Vincent de Paul Council of Seattle. One hundred and fifty parcels came dur-

Tokyo seminarians (top) travel by bus each day to classes at the Catholic University. (Left) Two seminarians from Manchuria, who knew the author there in the days before war.

ing the week. With a bow to Seattle, we invite the rest of the United States to "go and do likewise."

The burden of organizing Catholic Charities for this diocese of ten million souls has been laid upon Maryknoll shoulders. If Providence would only lend us the gift of miracles for a few years, we could make good use of it. A few hundred thousand food parcels would be almost as good. Ultimately these people will get on their own feet. At the present moment, too many are unable to achieve even that, because they are undernourished.

The hierarchy of Japan officially emerged from the catacombs of war-time restrictions when its members accepted our invitation to appear at a reception in their honor at the Catholic Club, atop the Mitsukoshi Department Store.

The Catholic Club is proving its worth as a popular place of assembly for Catholic societies. It is sponsoring lectures of various kinds, mostly on the social encyclicals of the Holy

Father. Three catechism classes made up of men and women employed along the Ginza (Tokyo's Fifth Avenue) meet at the club weekly.

Of late, they have formed a Gregorian choir.

The visits to Japan of Monsignor Flanagan, of Boys' Town and

Monsignor Boland, of the New York State Labor Board, are having good results here. The Japanese are amazed that the outstanding specialists in so many social fields are priests. Monsignor Flanagan especially caught the imagination of the people. This writer was mistaken for him so often on the Ginza and elsewhere, and so often asked for autographs in his name, that forgery became a serious temptation for the first time.

The lasting impression created by both of these Americans was one of great priestliness. Their message was one of hope for Japan's future, conditioned upon the acceptance of religious faith as the guiding principle. Both priests were received privately by the Emperor.

A Maryknoll Annuity means annual interest paid regularly to you in consideration of your gift to Maryknoll. Write for details.

Tokyo's major seminary, badly damaged in the war, has been reopened. The Jesuit Fathers are having a hard time feeding their charges. The seminary (below) was recently visited by members of Japan's hierarchy (below)



MARYKNOLL

Reversed Seasons. Winter for us is South America's summer. In Chile this December, Father Harter and Father Dunne have a summer camp for poor, neglected, undernourished boys. They need cots and blankets. Will you give a cot, at \$4; or a blanket, at \$1.50?

Housing Shortage. Seven Maryknollers in South America have no "homes" of their own. Rectories can be built for from \$300 to \$400 each.

A Single Convert is cause for rejoicing — but a native priest may secure a hundred, a thousand, or more in his lifetime. That is why \$150 is asked to help support, in Peru, Maryknoll's seminary for native priests.

They Lost Interest? "The Americans helped us while the war continued, but they've forgotten us now, and we still get hungry!" We must not cause Chinese refugees to say that. Many of them are still homeless and out of work. Help them to carry on a while longer. A day's food for one refugee costs only 10 cents.

We Hope to build the Maryknoll Seminary chapel, although as yet we have not enough money to pay for it. We are confident our good friends will help. Have you sent a contribution? Do you wish to do so? Now is the time!



WANT ADS.

Danger! When illness strikes in isolated communities, missionaries and their people die or get well, according to the supply of medicines they have on hand. There is no time or chance to get more. A mission in Kongmoon, China, needs a medical kit — which costs \$75.

Stations of the Cross needed for a church in Kweilin, China, will cost \$50. Can some friend of missions spare this sum?

A Thousand Years from now men and women of China may be Catholics because of \$5 you give today to feed a Chinese child! The Chinese respect their ancestors, and that is one reason why a convert's descendants are apt to follow in his ways. Children aided now will grow up Christians, and will train their own children in our Faith!

A Memorial to those whose names you want remembered? Why not a tabernacle on the altar of a mission church? For \$80 one can be provided for use in Wuchow, China.

Penicillin is proving helpful in treating leprosy. It may become a cure. Give our lepers a chance — help us keep them alive while science works at the age-old riddle. Buy a month of life for a leper! It costs only \$5.



A Christmas Suggestion

YOU MAY WISH to have a part in helping a boy or a young man to become a Maryknoll missionary.

In the United States, Maryknoll is training more than nine hundred seminarians (minor and major) for the foreign-mission fields of Asia, Africa, and South America. It costs about a dollar a day to house, feed, and educate each student.

900 students X 365 days a year = \$328,500. The bill runs high.

We are looking for benefactors to help support those of our seminarians who lack sufficient funds to pay for the cost of their training. This deserving project may appeal to you or your friends.

Or perhaps you would like to donate a student's room at the Maryknoll Junior College, Lakewood, New Jersey. A plaque bearing the inscription you choose, will be placed on the door. The offering for a room is \$500. This gift will make a fitting memorial for some loved one. Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**



RICE IN THE SUN — This Tanganyika mother dries and cleans her rice while her youngsters watch. Some three fourths of the world's people depend upon rice. Poor rice crops mean millions of hungry men.

